Mac Flecknoe,

OR A

SATYR

UPON THE

TRUE-BLEW-PROTESTANT

POET, T.S.

By the Author of

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POETS.

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True-Blew-Protestant POET, T. S.

ALL humane things are subject to decay,
And when Fate Summons, Monarch's must obey;
This *Flecknoe* found, who like *Augustus* young,
Was call'd to Empire, and had Govern'd long;
In Prose and Verse was own'd without Dispute,
Through all the Realms of Nonsense, Absolute;
This Aged Prince now flourishing in Peace,
And blest with Issue of a large Increase,
Worn out with Business, did at length Debate,
To settle the Succession of the State,
And Pond'ring, which of all his Sons were fit
To Reign, and Wage Immortal Wars, with Wit,

Cry'd, 'tis Resolv'd (for Nature pleads, that he
Should only Rule, who most resembles me;)
Shad— alone my perfect Image Bears,
Mature in Dulness from his Tender Years;
Shad— alone of all my Sons, is He
Who stands confirm'd in full Stupidity;
The rest, to some faint meaning make Pretence,
But *Shad*— never deviates into Sence;
Some Beams of Wit on other Souls may Fall,
Strike through, and make a Lucid Interval;
But *Shad*'s Genuine Night admits no Ray,
His rising Fogs prevail upon the Day;
Besides, his goodly Fabrick fills the Eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless Majesty;
Thoughtless as Monarch Oaks that shade the Plain,
And spread in solemn State, supinely Reign.
Heywood and *Shirley* were but Types of Thee,
Thou last great Prophet of Tautology:
Ev'n I a Dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;

I courſly Clad in Drugget Roſſet came,
To teach the Nations in thy greater name
My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilome ſtrung,
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I Sung,
Was but a prelude to that Glorious Day,
When thou on Silver *Thames* didſt cut thy Way,
With well tim'd Oars before the Royal-Barge,
Swell'd with the Pride of thy Cæleſtial Charge;
And big with Hymn, Commanders of an Hoſt,
The like was ne're in *Exon* Blankets Toſt.
Methinks I ſee the new *Arion* ſail,
The Lute ſtill Trembles underneath thy Nail,
At thy well-ſharpned Thumb, from Shore to Shore
The Treble ſqueaks for fear, the Baſs Rore;
Eccho from *Piſſing-Alley*, *Shad* – Call,
And *Shad* – they reſound from *Aſton-Hall*;
About thy Boat the little Fiſhes throng,
And gently waft the over all along;
Sometimes as Prince of thy Harmonious Band,
Thou weild'ſt thy Paper in thy Thraſhing-Hand.

St. Andrew's

St. *Andrew's* Feet ne're kept more equal Time.
Not even the Feet of thy own *Pſyches* Rhime;
Tho they in Number, as in Sence excel,
So Juſt, ſo like Tautology they fell;
That Pale with Envy *Singleton* forſwore
The Lute and Sword, which he in Triumph wore,
And Vow'd he ne're would Act *Villerius* more.
Here ſtopt the good old Sire, and wept for Joy.
In ſilent Raptures of the Hopeful Boy;
All Arguments (but moſt his Plays) perſuade,
That for Anointed Dulneſs he was made.
Cloſe by the Walls which fair *Auguſta* Bind,
(The fair *Auguſta* much to Fears Inclin'd)
An Ancient Fabrick rais'd t' Inform the ſight,
There ſtood of Yore (and *Barbican* it Hight,)
A Watch-Tower once, but now (ſo Fate ordeins)
An Empty name of all the Pile Remains;
From its old Ruins Brothel-Houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd Love, and of Polluted Joys;

Where

Where their vast Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
And undisturb'd by Watch, in silence sleep;
Near these a Nursery Erects its Head,
Where Queens are Form'd, and future Heroes Bred,
Where unfledg'd Actors learn to Laugh and Cry,
Where Infant Puncks their tender Voices try,
And little *Maximins* the Gods Defie.
Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
Nor greater *Johnson* dares in Socks appear;
But gentle *Simpkin* just reception finds
Amidst these Monuments of Varnisht Minds:
Pure Clinches the *Suburbane* Muse Affords,
And *Panton* waging Harmless War with Words;
Here *Flecknoe* as a place to Fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his *Shad*-- Throne.
For ancient *Decker* Prophecy'd long since,
That in this Isle should Reign a mighty Prince,
Born for a Scourge of Wit, and Flail of Sence;
To whom true Dulness should some *Psyche's* owe,
But Worlds of *Misers* from his Pen should flow:

Humorists

Humorists and Hypocrites his Pen should produce
Whole *Raymond* Families and Tribes of *Bruce*;
Now Empress Fame had Publish'd the Renown
Of *Shad*—'s Coronation through the Town;
Rous'd by report of Pomp, the Nations meet
From near *Bunhill*, to distant *Watling-street*;
No *Persian* Carpet spread th' *Imperial* way,
But scattered Limbs of Mangled Poets lay;
From Dusty Shops neglected Authors come,
Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum;
Much *Heywood*, *Shirley*, *Ogilby*, there lay,
But Loads of *Shad*—almost Choak'd the way;
Bilk'd Stationers for Yeomen stood prepar'd,
And *Herringman* was Captain of the Guard;
The Hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd
High on a Throne of his own Labors rear'd;
At his Right Hand our young *Ascanius* Sate,
Rome's other Hope, and Pillar of the State;
His Brows thick Fogs, instead of Glories Grace,
And Lambent Dulness play'd about his Face.

As

As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
Sworn by his Sire a Mortal Foe to *Rome*;
So *Shad*— Sworn, not should his Vow be vain,
That he to Death true Dulness would maintain;
And in his Fathers Right and Realms Defence,
Wou'd bid defiance unto Wit and Sense;
The King himself the Sacred Unction made,
As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade;
In his Sinister-Hand, instead of Ball,
Was plac'd a mighty Mug of Potent Ale.
Love's Kingdom to his Right he did Convey,
At once his Scepter, and his Rule of Sway; (Young,
Whose Righteous Love the Prince had practic'd
And from whose Loins Recorded *Psyche* Sprung;
His Temples (last) with Poppey were o'respread,
That Nodding seem'd to Consecrate his Head;
Just at that point of time, (if Fame not lie,)
On his Left-Hand *Twelve Reverend Owls* did flie;
So *Romulus* ('tis Sung) by *Tiber's* Brook,
Presage of Sway from Twice six Vultures took;

Th' advancing throng loud Acclamations make,
And Omens of the future Empire take;
The Sire then shook the Honours on his head,
And from his brows damps of Oblivion Shed
Full of the filial Dulness long he stood,
Repelling from his Breast the Raging God,
At length burst out in this Prophetick Mood.

Heaven bless my Son, from *Ireland* let him Reign
To fair *Barbadoes* on the Western Mayn,
Of his Dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his Fathers be his Throne;
Beyond loves Kingdoms may he stretch his Pen,
He paws'd--and all the People cry'd--*Amen*.
Then thus continued he, my Son advance
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance,
Success let others teach, learn thou from me,
Pangs without Birth, a fruitless Industry.
Let *Virtuoso*'s in five Years be Writ,
Yet not one thought accuse thy Soul of Wit;

Let Gentle *George* with Triumph Tread the Stage,
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage,
Let Cully *Cockwood*, *Fopling* charm the Pit,
And in their folly shew the Writers Wit;
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy Defence,
And justifie their Authors want of Sense.
Let them be all of thy own Model made
Of Dulness; and desire no Foreign Aid,
That they to after Ages may be known,
Not Copies drawn, but Issues of thine own;
Nay, let thy Men of Wit too be the same,
All like to thee, and differing but in Name;
But let no Alien *Sydney* Interpose,
To lard with Wit thy hungry *Epsome* Prose:
And when false Flowers of Rhet'rick thou wouldst cull
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull;
But Write thy best on th' top, and in each line
Sir *Formal*'s Oratory Wit be thine;
Sir *Formal* tho unsought attends thy Quill,
And doth thy Northern Dedications fill

Nor let falſe Friends ſeduce thy Mind to Fame,
By Arrogating *Johnſon*'s Hoſtile Name;
Let Father *Fleckno* Fire thy Mind with Praiſe,
And Uncle *Ogleby* thy Envy raiſe;
Thou art my Blood where *Johnſon* hath no Part,
What ſhare have we in Nature, or in Art?
Where did his Wit or Learning fix a *Brand*?
Or rail at Arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in *Prince Nycanders* Vain?
Or ſwept the Dunſt in *Pſyches* humble Strain?
Where ſold he Bargains? *Whip-ſtich, kiſs mine A—e*,
Promis'd a Play, and dwindled to a Farce.
Where did his Muſe from *Fletchers* Scenes purloin,
As thou whole *Etheridge* doſt tranſuſe to thine?
But ſo tranſus'd as Oyls on Water Flow,
His always Floats above, thine Sinks Below;
This is thy Province, this thy wondrous Way,
New Humours to Invent for each New Play;
This is that Boaſted Bias of the Mind,
By which one way to Dulneſs 'tis Inclin'd;

Which

Which makes thy Writings lame on one side still.
And in all Charges, that way bends thy will;
Nor let thy Mountain Belly make Pretence,
Of likeness, thine's a Tympany of Sence.
A *Tun* of Man in thy *large Bulk* is Writ,
But sure thou art a *Kilderkin* of Wit;
Like mine thy Gentle Numbers feebly creep,
Thy Tragick Muse gives Smiles, thy Comick sleep;
With what e're Gall thou sets thy self to write,
Thy Inoffensive Satyrs never bite;
In thy Felonious Heart, though Venom lies,
It doth but touch thy Irish Pen and dies;
Thy Genious calls the not to purchase Fame,
In keen *Iambicks*, but wild *Anagram*;
Leave writing Plays, and choose for thy Command,
Some peaceful Province in *Acrostick* Land.
There thou mayst Wings display, and Altars raise,
And torture one poor Word ten thousand ways;
Or if thou wouldst thy different Talent suite,
Set thy one Songs, and Sing them to thy Lute.

He:

He said, but his last words were scarcely heard
For *Bruce* and *Longville* had a Trap prepar'd
And down they sent the yet declining *Bard*;
Sinking, he left the Drugget Robes behind,
Born upwards by a Subterranean Wind,
The Mantle fell to the young Prophets part
With doubled Portion of his Fathers Art.

FINIS.

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